

# Saga™

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CHAPTER  
ONE



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CHAPTER

ONE

# Saga

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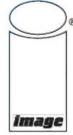


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*This is how an idea becomes real.*



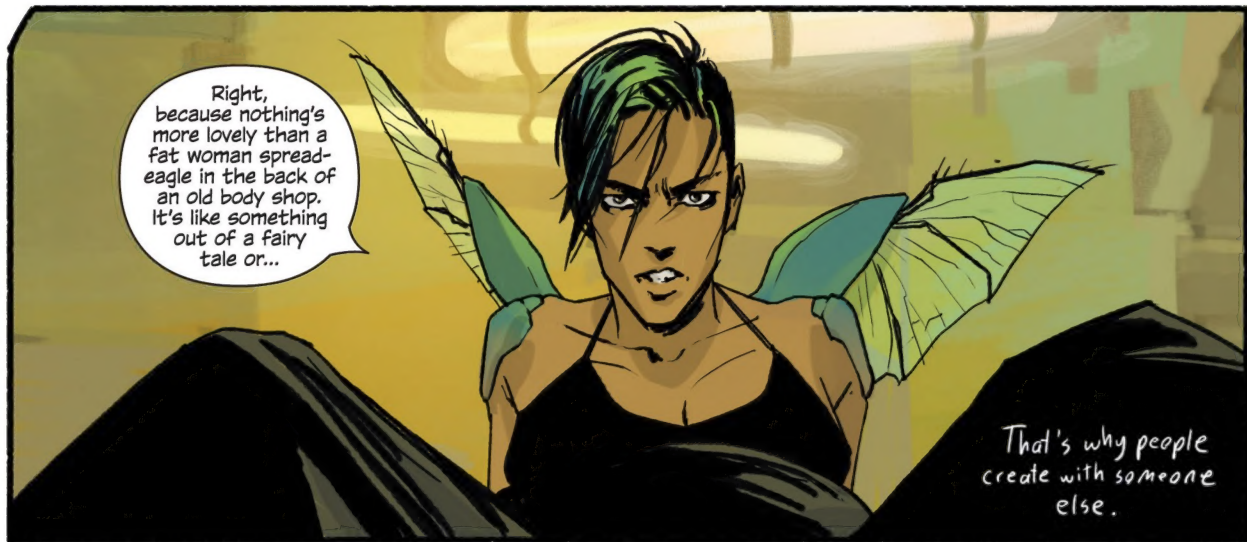
Am I  
shitting?

It feels  
like I'm  
shitting!







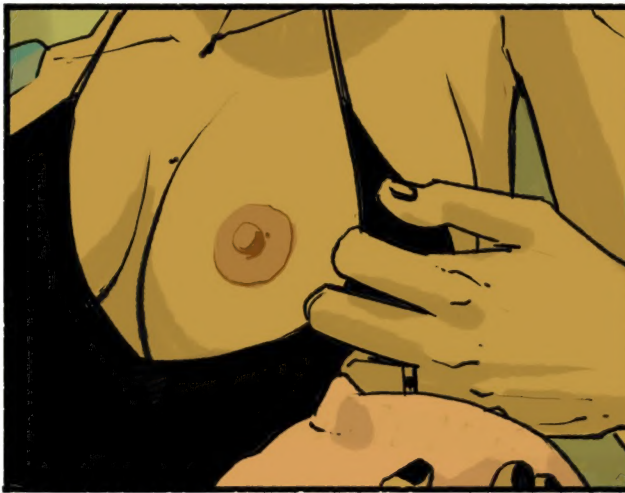




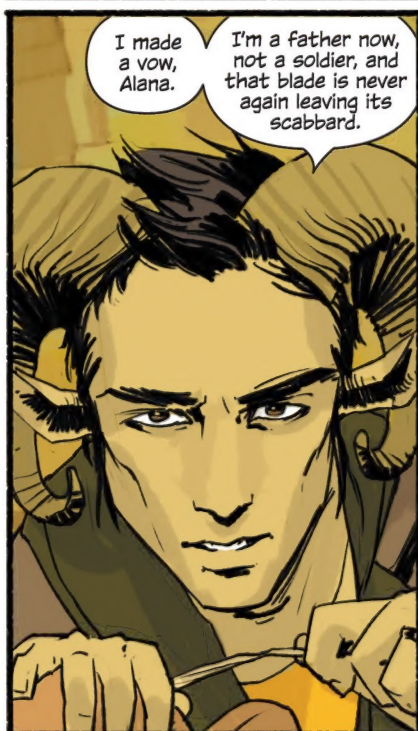
It's a  
girl.

Anyway, this  
is the day I was  
born.





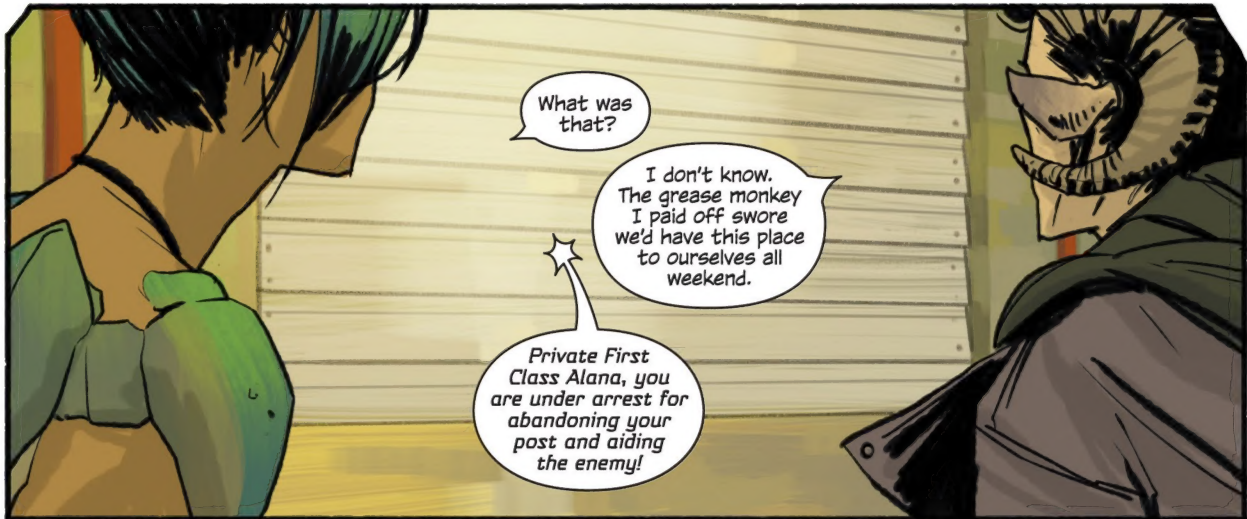




















Drop whatever you're holding and put your hands in the air.



Suck my hemorrhoids!

You don't have to do this.

We just want to live our lives.



Is that moony speaking *Language*?

We should cut its fuckin' tongue out.



You can't do this. We're on civilian territory, not a sanctioned battlefield!

We are duly licensed military police officers on an approved law enforcement mission. Now step away from the prisoner and--

Your excellency!



D-meter's picking up exotic matter.

We've got *magic* incoming.

























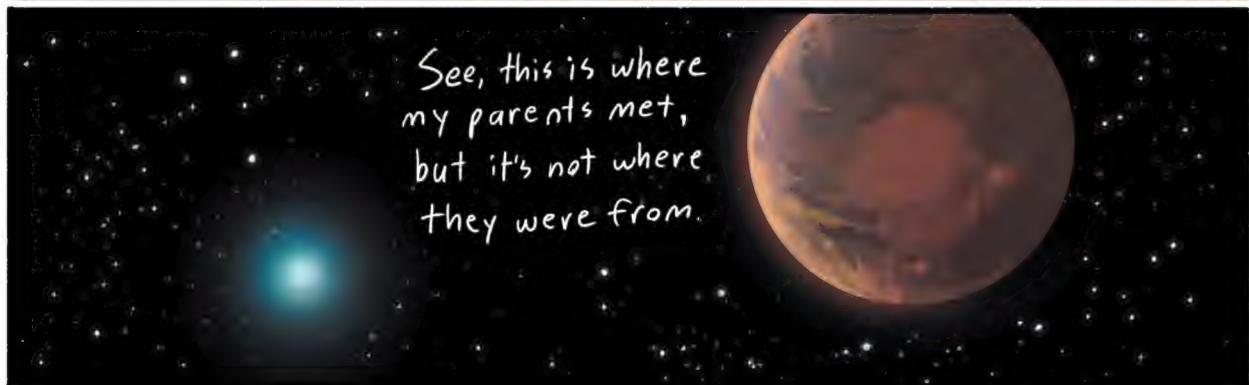




I was born on a planet called CLEAVE,  
an ancient ball of mud circling a  
faded old star.



It never had much strategic value, but  
the place still mattered. To me, anyway.



See, this is where  
my parents met,  
but it's not where  
they were from.




They grew up way over here, back where the war began. ↗





This is LANDFALL, largest planet in the galaxy,  
and also my mother's home.



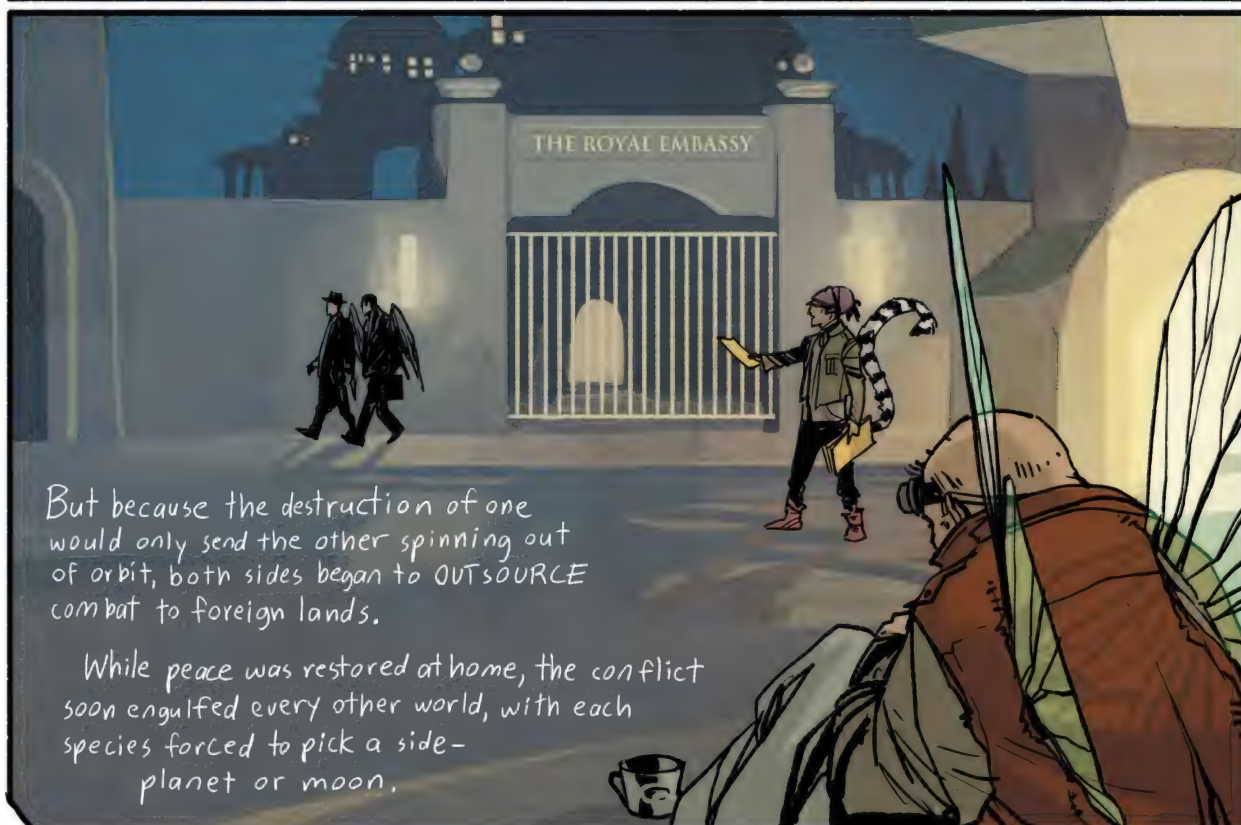
Its one and only satellite is WREATH,  
my father's native moon.

If there was ever a time  
these two got along, nobody  
remembers it.





When the war with Wreath started, it was fought amidst the general population, in cities like this one, Landfall's capital.



But because the destruction of one would only send the other spinning out of orbit, both sides began to OUTSOURCE combat to foreign lands.

While peace was restored at home, the conflict soon engulfed every other world, with each species forced to pick a side—planet or moon.

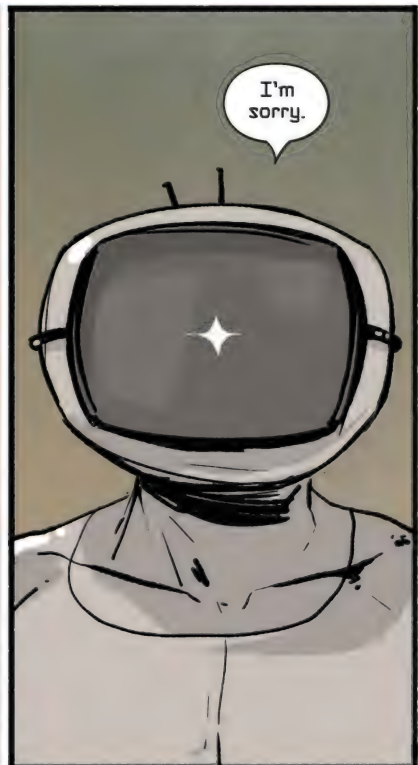
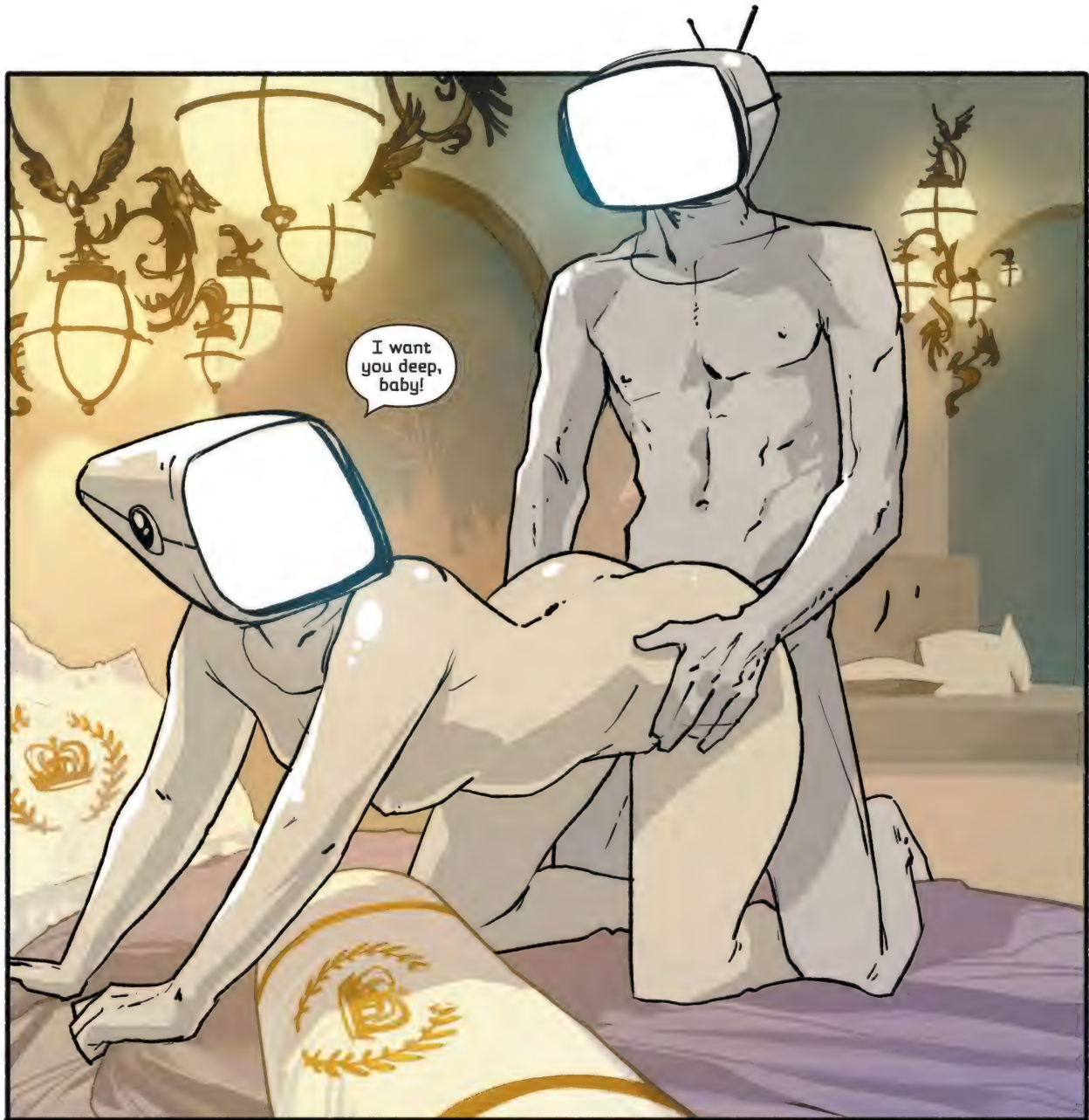


Some of the locals never stopped thinking about the battles being waged in their names on distant soil.

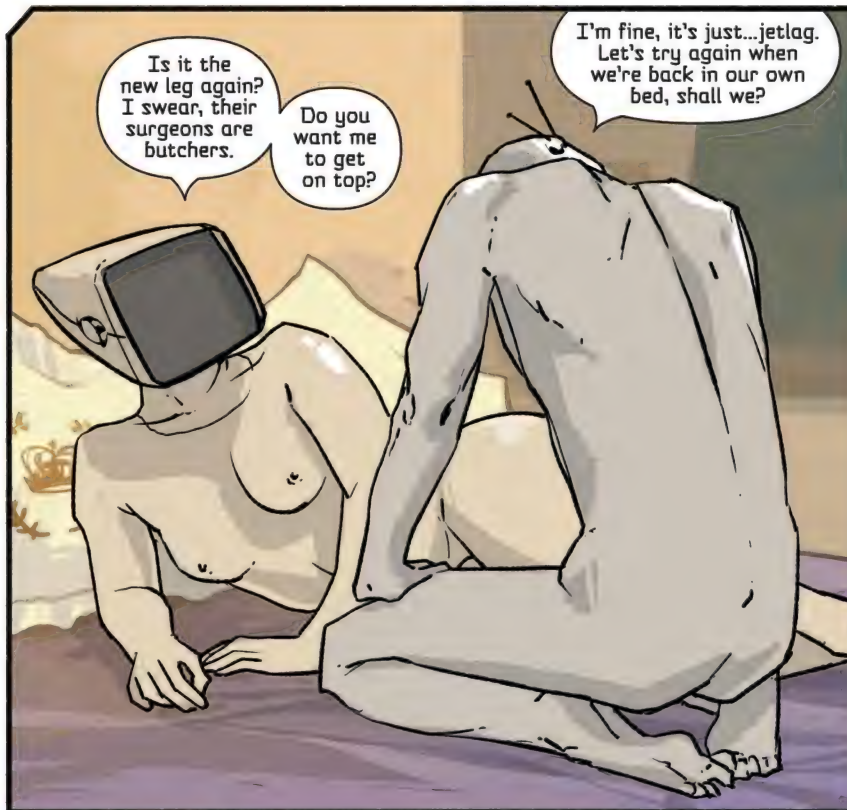
Most didn't really give a shit.

Deeper!









Is it the new leg again? I swear, their surgeons are butchers.

Do you want me to get on top?

I'm fine, it's just...jetlag. Let's try again when we're back in our own bed, shall we?



Of course, IV.

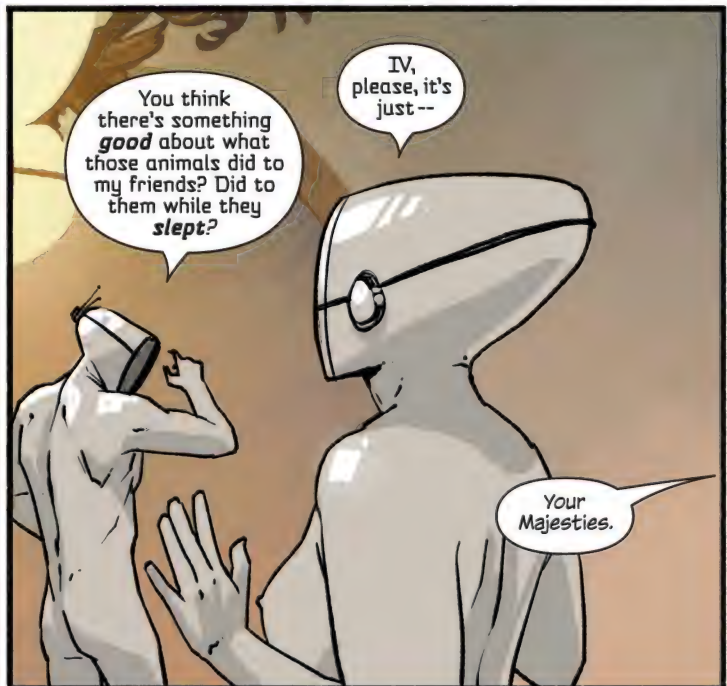
Things will be better once we're away from this godforsaken flock.



Don't talk about them like that. They're our allies.

No, they're our **customers**.

Highest bidders in The War of Good Versus Good.



You think there's something **good** about what those animals did to my friends? Did to them while they **slept**?

IV, please, it's just--

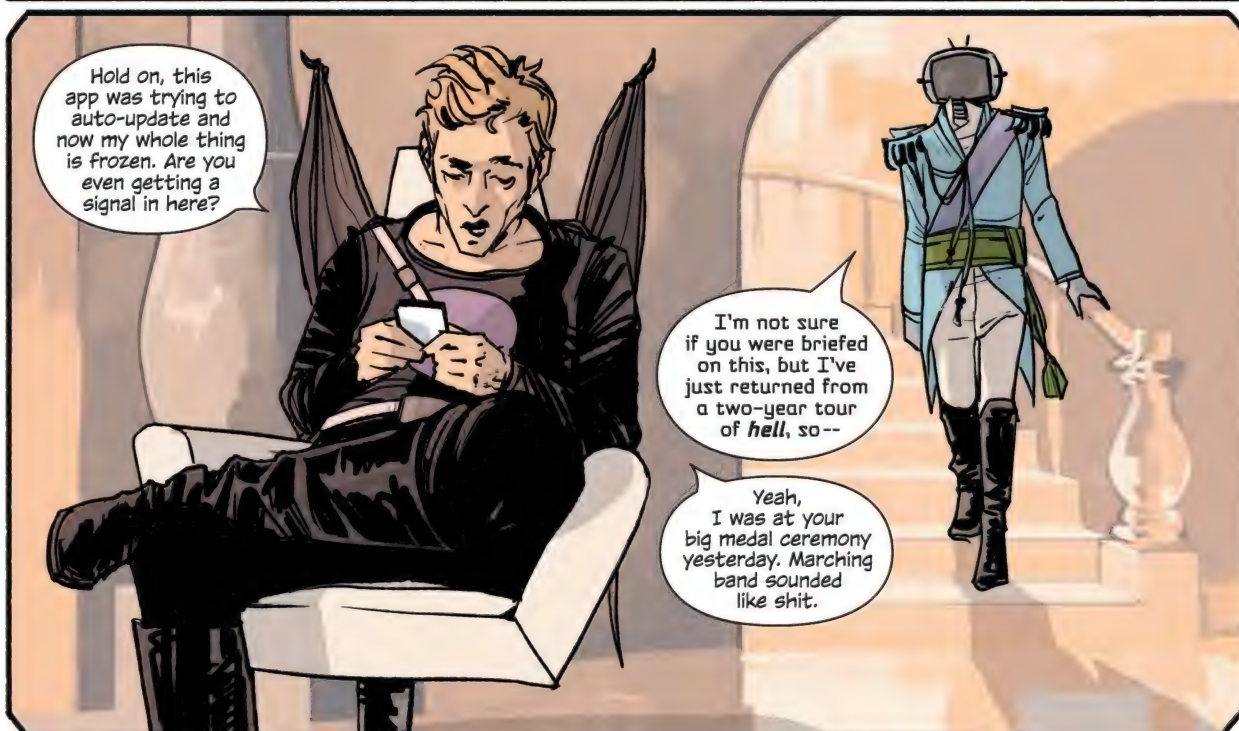
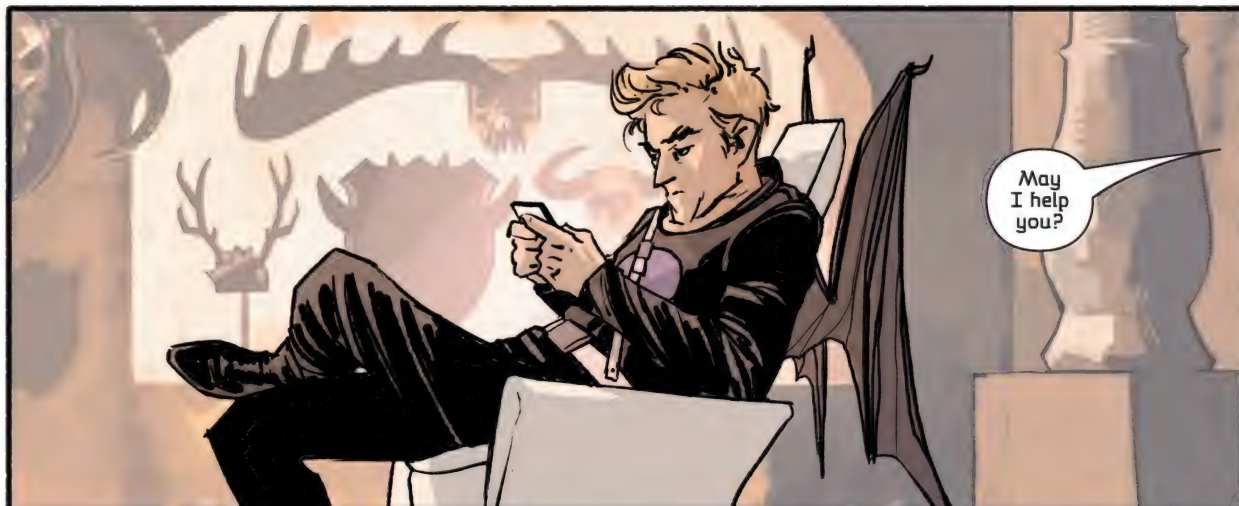
Your Majesties.



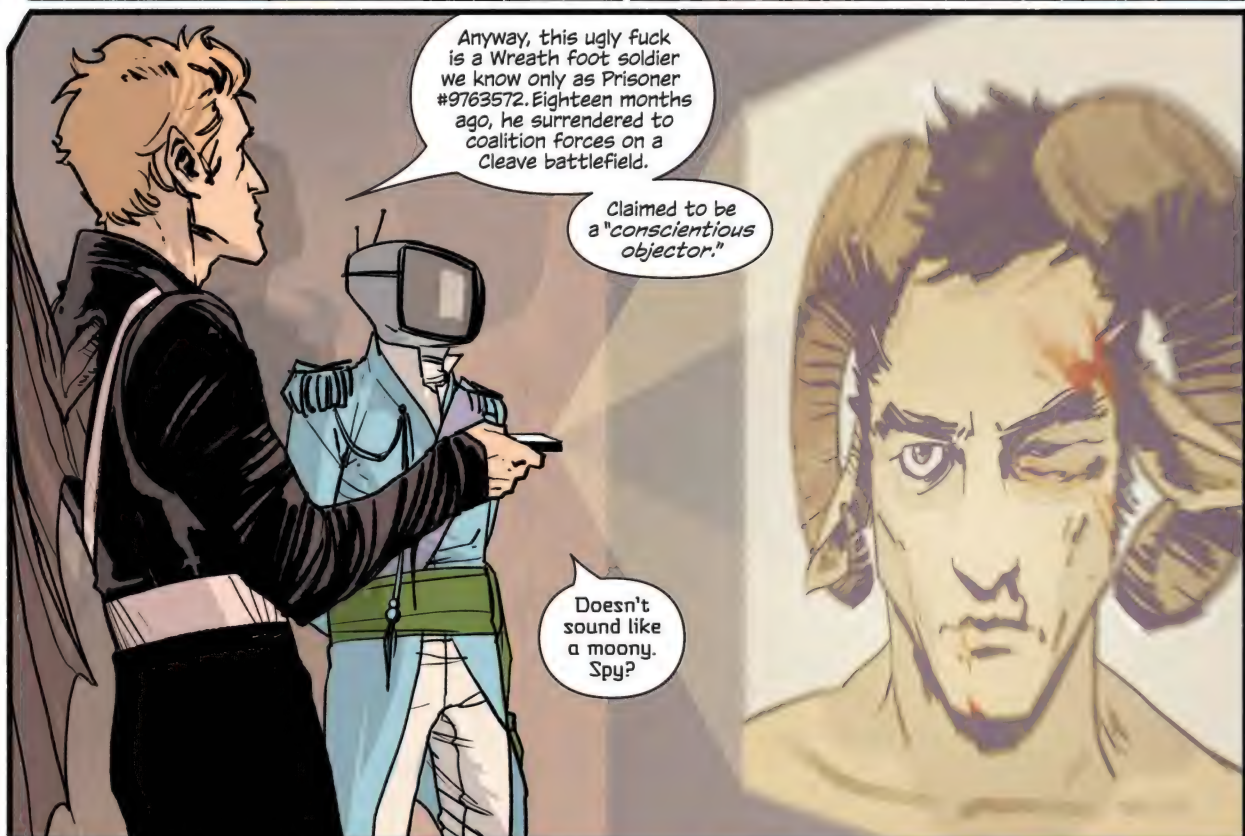
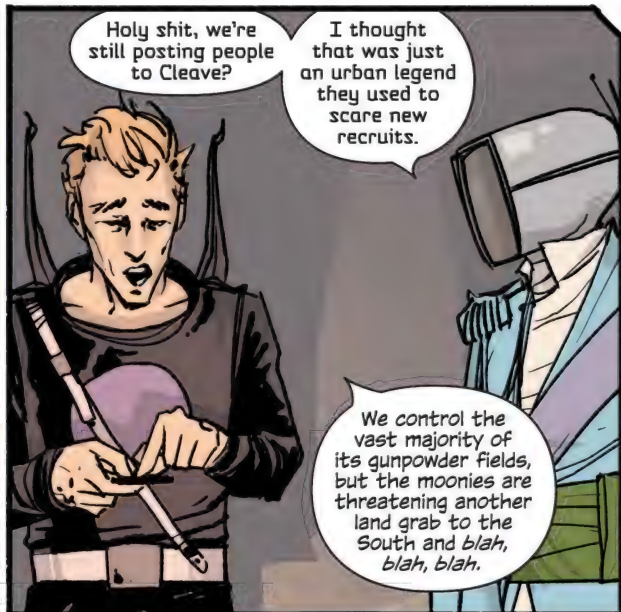
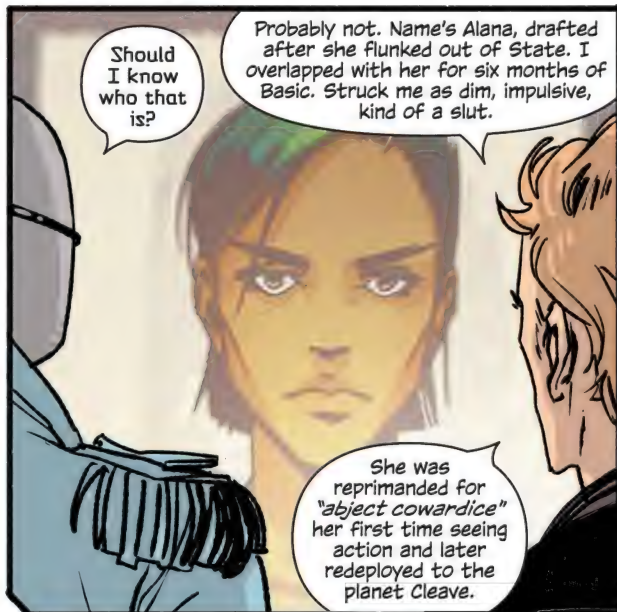
I'm so sorry to intrude, but Prince Robot IV has a gentleman caller.

He said his business was... **sensitive**.









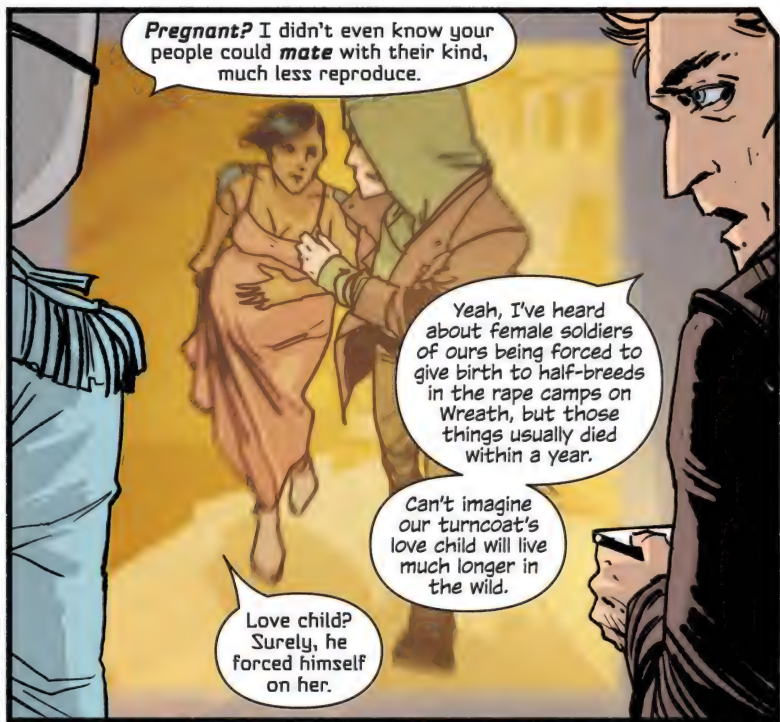




So the moony kidnapped her?

We hoped.

But then three months ago, an ATM camera on civilian turf caught this image.



Pregnant? I didn't even know your people could *mate* with their kind, much less reproduce.

Yeah, I've heard about female soldiers of ours being forced to give birth to half-breeds in the rape camps on Wreath, but those things usually died within a year.

Can't imagine our turncoat's love child will live much longer in the wild.

Love child? Surely, he forced himself on her.



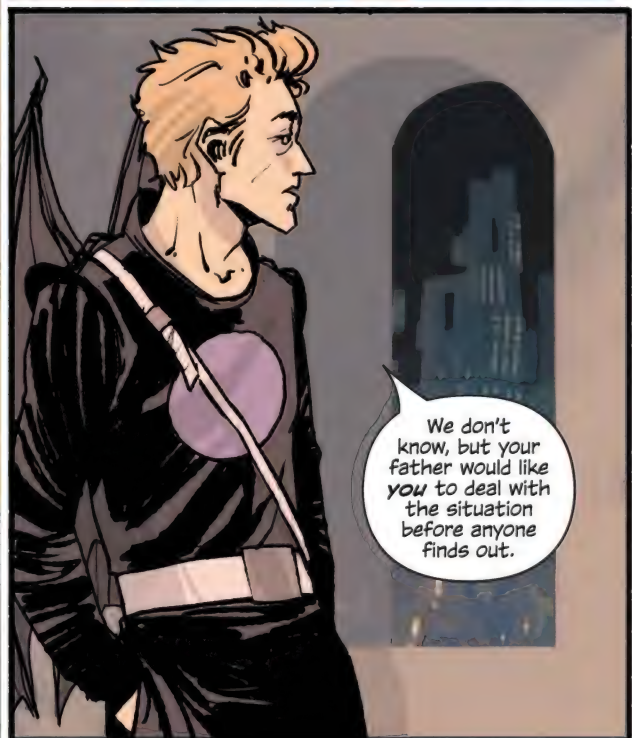
Take a look at their hands. Matching rings. Apparently, it's a tradition on Wreath.

A wedding tradition.



You're saying she *willingly* laid down with one of those monsters?

Why?



We don't know, but your father would like *you* to deal with the situation before anyone finds out.

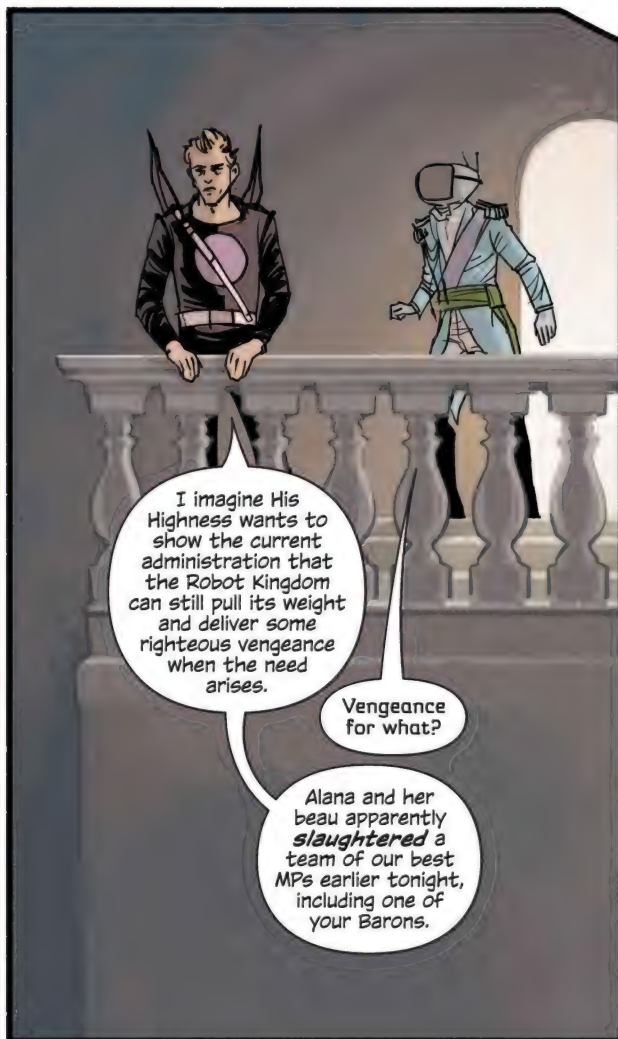




The King sent you?

But... I've already served my time! I just survived one of the worst sneak attacks in military history!

And yet, surviving isn't exactly *winning*.



I imagine His Highness wants to show the current administration that the Robot Kingdom can still pull its weight and deliver some righteous vengeance when the need arises.

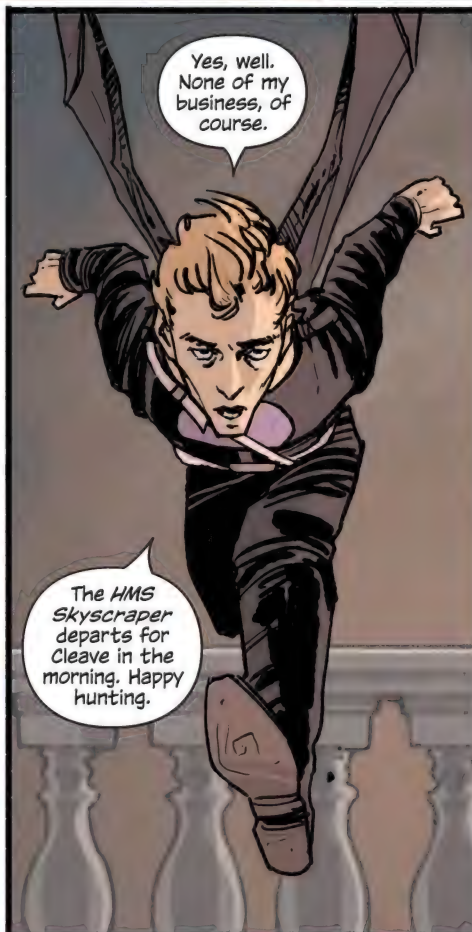
Vengeance for what?

Alana and her beau apparently *slaughtered* a team of our best MPs earlier tonight, including one of your Barons.



I don't understand.

I told my parents I wanted to start a *family* this year.



Yes, well. None of my business, of course.

The HMS Skyscraper departs for Cleave in the morning. Happy hunting.



From my very first day, I was pursued by men.

All of them tried to hurt me, but only one managed to break my heart.





Sorry, getting ahead of myself.



I thought she'd never quit crying.

Can you blame her?

So far, her life has been comprised primarily of firefights.



Well, mama will be ready for the next one.



You took a firearm?! Are you insane?! Do you have any idea what the statistics are for parents who keep one of those in--

Easy, it's just a Heartbreaker. They're nonlethal.

Have you ever been shot with one? Because I have, and it hurt like the day my dog died...













Sorry.

But "we have a family to think about now" is the rallying cry of losers.



My old man threw his life away working a job he hated so he could "take care of his family."

In the end, it just turned him into a monster who treated us like crap the few times he was actually around.

So what is it that you want, Alana?



I want to show our girl the universe.



He just couldn't say no to her.





But if he'd known what wheels  
had started spinning over  
on Wreath, my father  
never would have  
left those  
tunnels.





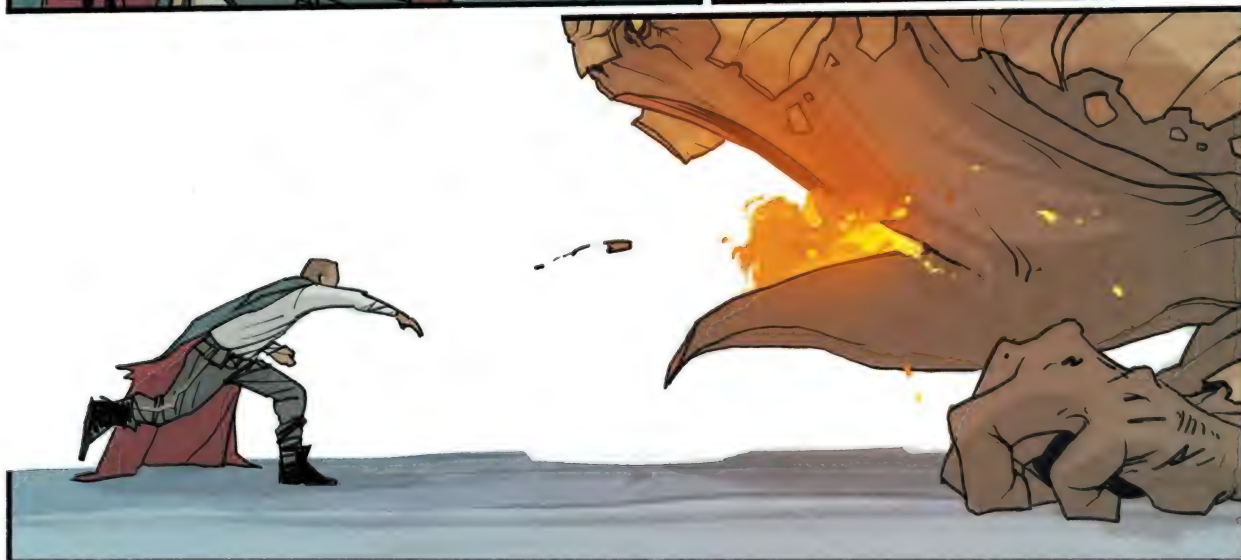




# RAAAAR





















One last thing. If our intelligence is accurate, your targets may have already sired *offspring* together.



And?  
You want me to drown the mongrel after I do its folks?



Of course not.

Regardless of the parentage, we're talking about an *infant*. In order to collect your completion payment in full, you'll need to deliver us their orphan *alive and unharmed*.



Good luck,  
The Will.



What kind of assholes bring a kid into worlds like these?















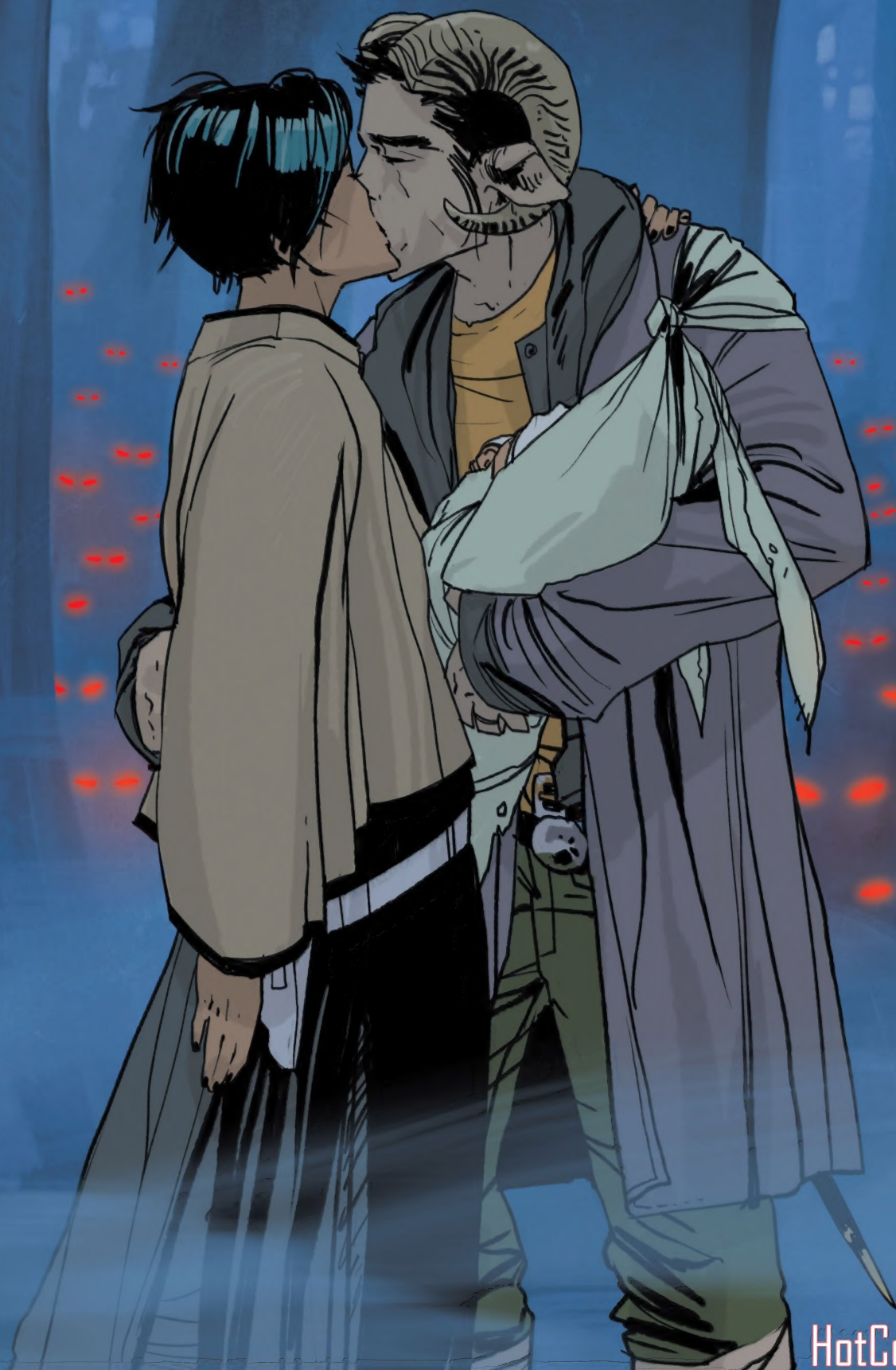








*Not everybody does.*





# TO BE CONTINUED

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New comic series don't have fans, they have families, small groups of diverse people who band together to help keep alive some weird thing that matters only to them. So to those of you who finished this issue and think you might want more space helicopters and naked robots in your future... welcome to the tribe.

*Saga* was created with Fiona Staples, and I think her artwork speaks for itself. Along with painting all our covers, Fiona singlehandedly designs, draws and colors every single character, ship, and world in our series. She even hand-letters Hazel's occasional narration. All for you. As her patent-pending catchphrase goes, "*You can't make comics... without Staples!*" Do yourself a favor and follow @fionastaples on Twitter, then visit her website: [fionastaples.com](http://fionastaples.com).

I've been a fan of letterer Steven Finch ever since I saw a great mock paperback cover he created for *Ex Machina*, so he was a lock the second Image publisher Eric Stephenson suggested him for our crew. Steven's got a superb design sense, and his lettering makes even my shittiest banter look lovely. Be sure to check out more of his goodness at [fonografiks.com](http://fonografiks.com).

And my name's Brian. I spilled French onion soup in my wireless router and won't have internet access for the foreseeable ever, but I'd still love to do an old-school letter column at the end of each issue. So if you have something to share (especially if it has nothing to do with our series), and you live near an elderly person who can help walk you through the trials of physical post, please mail your notes to 'To Be Continued' at the above address. Old Polaroids, cocktail recipes and terrible children's drawings especially welcomed. Sorry, as in life, nothing can be returned.

Oh, and please don't send story ideas or unpublished fiction; those'll be fed to the dachshund unread. And I'll presume all letters are okay for publication unless you specifically mark it 'PRIVATE,' in which case I'll keep your missive close to my heart before forwarding to the proper authorities. My arbitrarily picked favorite letter each chapter wins something from the Almighty Prize Drawer, so don't forget to write.

Thanks for reading,

BKV



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